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From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review,
The Mexican War.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

There is a period in history when war is thought to be the natural state of mankind; when, certainly, it is the common state, and peace an exception to the general rule. Labor is hated, and war honored. In such a time, no reason need be given for going to war; rather perhaps a reason required for ceasing from battle and plunder. In the early period of Rome, the senate now and then made a truce, but never a peace. Peace was only an armistice for a limited period. Says Homer, "It is the business of a man to fight, of a slave to till the ground." He represented the general opinion of the Heroic Age. But now things are somewhat changed. War is the exception; public opinion is against it. Merchants and Mechanics dislike it, for it interferes with their productive operations; thinking men abhor it as unreasonable; and good men look on it as wicked. In all European countries, the thinking men demand of their rulers a good reason for disturbing their relations of peace. The old talk about national honor has diminished not a little amongst intelligent men, who think the national honor which is gained or lost by a battle is of no great value. Indeed, so far have matters gone, that many men hold the opinion, and some have even a sober and settled conviction, that war between nations is no more reputable and manly, no more likely to establish justice, than trial by battle in courts of law; no better than duelling between 'men of honor,' or a bout with fists between two Irish beggars partially drunken. They think that war is nothing but murder, murder in the first degree, with malice aforethought, and what is wrong for one man is equally wrong for twenty millions—that injustice is not the less so for being a great injustice. Then again there are some religious men who think that Christianity actually forbids war. It is true the various churches of the world have taken little pains to say so, but a good deal of pains to say the opposite. We never yet have seen the creed, the litany, or the catechism, which gave us the smallest hint that Christianity and war were incompatible. Still there are religious men who think the religion of which God planted the germs in human nature, is thoroughly hostile to all war.

All of these men united may be few in number—Theorists, Philanthropists, Philosophers, and the like. Still they are not idle nor ineffective; they have already produced a change in public opinion; and in this city and its neighborhood, a very great change within a few years. Then, too, there are sound, sober, practical men, who 'look little at first principles, it may be, and the nature of things, but much at modes of operation, and effects.' They see that war is costly; that it costs money; that it costs men; that it is not productive. In short, they see that all which a nation consumes in its army and navy is a bad investment, stock which does not pay. Still further: there are humane men, aboriginal democrats, who think that Man is of more account than the accidents of a man's customs, institutions, property, and the like; they think that all government should be designed for the good of all men, and therefore that it must accord with the principles of absolute justice, which God has written on the heart of mankind. They see that war tramples all these principles under foot, and therefore, in the name of the people, they obstinately refuse to promote, to favor, or even to tolerate a war.

Now, by means of these small parties of original thinkers, the Theorists, Philosophers, the Economists, and the Philanthropists, it has come to pass that war is getting sadly out of favor. True there are men, and enough of them, in the name of Religion, of Philosophy, Economy, and Democracy, who defend the old usage. They think that war now and then is a good thing; it invigorates the people;—it kills off the rabbles, and, for the latter purpose, is better than the jail and gallows, as well as swifter." These men have a great many newspapers at their command, and sometimes occupy seats more sacred than an editor's chair. Doubtless they retard the progress of true ideas, and so add to the misery of mankind. Yet they no longer govern public opinion; their influence yearly becomes less, for man naturally loves justice, and is a human being, not a brute, nor a fool. It has now come to pass, that in all civilized countries the mass of men look on war as a terrible evil, and not one to be lightly incurred by the government of the nation.

It surprises no one when savage tribes quarrel; the cause is seldom injured after, for it is known that in such a stage of progress war is to be looked for and expected. But when a civilized nation pauses in its career of productive exertions, and, turning its art, its science, its strength of hand and head, its natural activity, from their creative work, seeks to destroy the property of its sister State, burn her towns, to butcher her men, and with the soldier's invading foot pollute her soil—it is a serious and a dreadful thing. Sober men look for the cause of such madness. The physical evil is monstrous—the waste of property, the havoc of life. But this is the smallest part of the mischief. The savage spirit excited in the soldier, which he carries home to his village, the hunger after booty, the thirst of blood, which successful war awakens in the conqueror's throat; the desire of revenge which defeats kindles in the heart of the discomfited—these long retard the progress of mankind. Take the foremost of civilized nations, the mass of men have not yet forgotten the savages; the thin garment of civilization is easily torn, assuaged and stripped off; you break the skin of the gentleman and behold a cannibal; the peasant of England or France becomes the fierce Saxon, or the savage Gaul, whose deeds you shudder to think of.

Every war in this age retards the progress of mankind. The United States, having out-

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grown their mother, refused her burthens, resisted her stripes, and at last separated from her, after a long and heavy quarrel. The effects of that quarrel still survive, and continue of peace will hardly remove the jealousy and hatred felt by the most ignorant men of both nations, as well as by their political leaders. If two countries are united by a war, as Poland and Russia, the spirit of intense and national hatred remains yet longer, and is still more violent.

It is a great wrong for a powerful and civilized people to attack a nation that is harboring us and feeble. The indignation of honest statesmen is justly aroused against France for her conduct towards Algiers. Doubtless she had her provocations, but between the weak and the strong every body knows where the provocation commonly begins.

The old fable of the wolf and the lamb is not likely to be forgotten. The conduct of England towards the various nations in India, towards China, towards Ireland—fills the world with indignation. The history of her achievements in Asia is the history of her shame. Honest men in England know it as well as we. Austria is powerful and Rome is weak; the emperor is of the middle ages, while the new pope is a son of the nineteenth century, and of course a reformer. He loves his church, loves his people, loves mankind; founds institutions which the Austrian despot cannot relish, or even tolerate; which endanger the 'peculiar institutions' of that despotic monarch. The middle ages and the nineteenth century are mutually hostile. Institutions which ought to be separated by hundreds of years quarrel at first touch. If Ferdinand should therefore invade the States of the Church, attempting to re-annex the March of Acora to his possessions in Lombardy—the advance from Ferrara to Bologna would raise a cry of shame in every country of Europe, and find a manly echo even in America. Justice takes sides with the party most in the right; Humanity against the strong oppressor.

The present war against Mexico is entitled to a serious examination. The Mexicans are few, poor, weak, half-civilized; they lack the elements which give a people strength. They have no national unity of action. Imitating the example of the United States, they separated from the mother country, and tried the experiment of a liberal constitution. They have been in a quarrel among themselves ever since, and have perhaps shown themselves unfit for a republican government. The people cannot go alone; they are weak, dislocated, inefficient, but possessed of a wide and rich territory, valuable and attractive. The Americans are numerous, patriotic, enterprising, hardy, united, and of course powerful—the most energetic and executive nation ever developed on the earth. Besides this, they have established a form of government which harmoniously balances individual freedom with national unity of action; a government which of all others is the best fitted to develop energy, hardihood, and enterprise; one most powerful of all to direct and animate a conquering army. We know this is not the common opinion, but the military man who is also a statesman, and familiar with the history of States—if such a military man can be found amongst us—will see the truth of this judgment.

The strong nation is at war with the weak. America has the example of France and England to sustain her, and other examples not quite so reputable, but which shall presently be cited. No doubt the English nation—wishes the portion thereof who trade in politics, on the one extreme, and on the other, the brute portion of the people—would justify the American invasion of Mexico; would think more highly of us for the undertaking, and the success of it. It is plainly following the example of England herself—a copy of her treatment of the Irishman and the East Indian. Here, too, the men who trade in politics and the brute portion of the people like the war. It matters not which party they belong to; they call it patriotic; they go for the country however bounded, and the country right or wrong. Before such men we lay our finger on our lips, and say nothing. Let time teach them.

But there is another body of men in all lands, and powerful in this—Philosophers, Economists, Philanthropists, who are not satisfied with a war merely because they are engaged in it; who think it no better because it is fought by their own country; who know that successful war is no better than when defeated. To such men it is necessary to offer a reason for disturbing the peace of the continent. The President of the United States, in his message at the opening of the second session of the last Congress, has himself undertaken to justify the war. In his statement there is a certain doubleness of purpose quite apparent. He makes a special plea, with a compound issue, thus:—The Mexicans began the war, and we acted only on the defensive; but then there were a great many reasons why we might ourselves have begun the war, without waiting for the Mexicans to take the initiative. Thus he is doubly armed. If the major weapon of argument fail—and it is shown that the Mexicans did not commence the war—then he holds fast by the minor, that we had a just reason for beginning it ourselves. But let us examine this matter more nicely. We extract from Mr. Polk's message of Dec. 8th, 1846. The Italics are our own.

"Such has been our scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all our foreign intercourse, that we have given no just cause of complaint to any nation, and have enjoyed the blessings of peace for more than thirty years. From a policy so sacred to humanity, we should never be induced voluntarily to depart." But "Mexico commenced hostilities, and forced the war upon us"—p. 3.

For official accounts of these matters, see Mr. Polk's message of Dec. 24, 1845; of December 8, 1846; Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's report on the war with Mexico, June 24, 1846; and Mr. Howard's report, July 7th, 1848, and the minority report of Mr. Cushing, of the same date.—Doc. No. 752. H. of Rep. 29th Congress, 1st Session. See the usual commentaries in the speeches of the times.

weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by but few, have been widely and extensively circulated, not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A most effective means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war, than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and to give them aid and comfort."—p. 4.

This reminds us of what George III. said to the lord mayor of London, in 1775, with the utmost astonishment that I any of my subjects capable of encouraging the rebellious disposition that unhappyists in some of my colonies in North America." Some of the subjects, however, continue to advocate and adhere to their cause, and to give them aid and comfort.

The king thought it was moral treason, a protection of the war. They had truth and justice on their side, and against them—King George the Third.

Mr. Polk proceeds to state the case of America against Mexico. "The Americans had suffered many grievances from the Mexicans. 'The wrongs we have suffered from Mexico, almost ever since she became an independent power, and the patient endurance with which we have borne them, are without a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations.' Soon after her independence, she commenced 'a system of insult and spoliation'; 'our citizens employed in lawful commerce were imprisoned, their vessels seized, our flag insulted in their ports.' Change of rulers brought no change in this system, continues the President; the American government made repeated reclamations, which were followed only by new outrages; promises of redress were postponed or evaded. The commercial treaty of 1831 produced no change. In 1837, General Jackson declared that such conduct 'would justify in all nations immediate war.' Yet he thought we should give Mexico one more opportunity to atone for the past before we resorted to war. Accordingly, negotiations were entered into in 1837, and the Mexican government promised to do all which reason or justice required. This was in July, but in December the promise had not been fulfilled. Mr. Polk distinctly declares, 'had the United States at that time adopted comp�atory measures and taken redress into their own hands, all our difficulties with Mexico would probably have been long since adjusted, and the existing war have been avoided.'—p. 7.

This is a plain statement. But if the Mexicans began the war in 1846, because the Americans annexed Texas, we cannot say how any one act of the Americans in 1837 could have prevented it, unless indeed Mexico had been so weakened as to be unable to wage a war! But the President does not say that he is tacitly admitting that the Mexicans can begin this war, all of whose causes we are to seek previous to 1837. A compound issue is a difficult one to plead. We beg the reader to notice that the President admits that the causes of the Mexican war—the seizure of American property and men, insults to our flag—are all anterior to the year 1837, and might have been disposed of then, if we had then sought redress in the usual way—by war. Of course all that has occurred since can be but accessory after the fact!

But a new negotiation was begun; the convention of April 12th, 1839, took place this was the first convention. In August, 1840, a Board of Commissioners, with powers limited to eighteen months, was organized to adjust the claims of American citizens against Mexico. An amirre appointed by the King of Prussia, came to assist in the work.* The Board allowed American claims to the amount of \$2,026,139 68; the American commissioners allowed also \$928,627 88, which the Mexican commissioners had not time to examine. Thus there was a total of \$2,954,767 56, which the American commissioners demanded of Mexico. Other claims, amounting to \$3,336,837 05, were also presented, which the American commissioners had not decided upon when their period of service came to an end. Mexico acknowledged her obligation to pay the \$2,026,139 68 but, unable to pay immediately, asked for the extension of the occasion:

A BONFIRE.—One of our friends, who occupies a fine house, says, that if it will in any way contribute to the elation of Gen. Taylor's reception, he has no objection that an addition should be made to the programme, that his house shall be fired, in order to make a splendid bonfire, by way of concluding the ceremonies of the evening.

Thus is glorified the man whose only renown has been won in war to uphold slavery: whose public life has been that of a scourge to the human race, and who, like the fætus of the Saxon conqueror, might bear the name of "the widower of women."

Probably this is the beginning of a series of similar flattery and honors, which the people will eagerly pour upon his head: and yet the men who are thus rewarding violence and crime, profess to be friends of peace and freedom, and would punish the wretch who should kill only one man within our borders. Will they forever continue so insulated and blind, that they will not see that they are nurturing the seeds of crime by this course? that they are undermining the foundations of popular virtue, and disseminating vice among the people? We have yet to see whether the criminal folly of New Orleans is to be re-enacted in Northern cities. Perhaps if the General visits the Quaker city, it may be appropriate to welcome him with a bonfire of Catholic churches, and meeting houses of the colored people, and the orphan asylums of the city. Surely Philadelphia—the city of mobs—the Vicksburg of the North, will not be backward in doing honor to the leader of the marauders who are plundering Mexico.

In brief, then, letting alone the insults offered to our flag—and we know not how they can be shaken out of its folds—this is the sum of actual and tangible grievances. Mexico owes us about \$2,000,000, and does not pay. The President thinks war ought to have been declared long ago.

(To be Continued.)

* The character of these claims, and the gross imposture of many of the claimants, were well exposed by Mr. J. S. Pendleton, a member from Virginia, in a speech, Feb. 22, 1847.

† For official accounts of these matters, see Mr. Polk's message of Dec. 24, 1845; of December 8, 1846; Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's report on the war with Mexico, June 24, 1846; and Mr. Howard's report, July 7th, 1848, and the minority report of Mr. Cushing, of the same date.—Doc. No. 752. H. of Rep. 29th Congress, 1st Session. See the usual commentaries in the speeches of the times.

From the Pa. Freeman.
Is it Christian?

Gen Taylor is now on a visit to the United States—some of the papers hint—an electioneering tour. We of course make no such uncharitable and indecent insinuation, after such a multitude of proofs as his letters have given, that he has no ambition for that office, and can only reluctantly consent to take it, at the solicitation of all the people. He might, it is true, out of pure patriotism, and respect to their judgment, be willing to mortify his modesty and take up the cross of presidential honors, with its incidental twenty-

rewarded for fighting in a bad cause? then be consistent and give similar honors to the buccaneers and pirates who show equal courage. No, friends, in glorifying the man you glorify the wicked war which he represents. No one who has a just view of that war, can help to cheer its fighters. A truly virtuous people would receive those warriors with such marked censure and reproof, that they would feel the rebuke burn in their very souls.

From the Louisville Examiner.

The Removal of Evils.

There is no evil that afflicts society which ought to be considered irremoveable. Bad in-

not follow that they are therefore to be immoral. There is no evil, there is no institution from which flows injuries to the world, that is so rooted in the nature of man, or of such monstrous dimensions, that it can resist all efforts to destroy it. Though an institution may arise before the awe-stricken fancy of persons like a Gibraltar; and though the enemies of truth and right may have firmly entrenched themselves within its defences, its overthrow should not be despised of.

Bringing the right sort of energy to the task, and let a sufficient number of hands be employed in the labor, and the time-defying pyramids of Gizeh may be razed to their foundations.

There is a deplorable infirmity which affects too many well-disposed persons—people who deeply regret the existence of evils of great magnitude, and fancy that because of their magnitude it is useless to attempt their removal. Now, this is the very reason why they ought to be warned against—why they should be immediately attacked with vigor, and their extermination decreed. It is weakness and irresolution in an individual to fold his arms and refuse to make war on an evil because of its formidable extent. The heroism of a true-hearted man is vitalized in the presence of great obstacles, and his soul burns with irrepressible ardor to attack and overthrow them. Such a man does not think because an enterprise is surrounded with many great difficulties, he ought to content himself with sighing and uttering lamentations. Whimpering is a very poor substitute for work—it can accomplish no good, but well-directed labor is always followed by good results.

The old doctrines of fate and destiny are nuisances, which every enlightened mind ought to reject as debasing. They answered very well as foundations for the machinery of Greek tragedies, but they are unsuited to the hearts of champions who deem reforms practicable. The Mussulman says that it is the will of God that things shall take place as they do, and will not lift his hand to avert any evil however threatening. Evils are the results of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness have introduced. Crime and oppression have always degraded and oppressed society, not because it is the will of Heaven that they should afflict the world—but because the Great Supreme needs them as means by which He can secure a greater amount of good to His creatures than would otherwise be within their reach, but because men have rebelled against His will, and have entailed on themselves the punishment which always follows a departure from or trampling on His laws. It is a very poor philosophy, indeed, which teaches that evils are the results of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness have introduced.

Crime and oppression have always degraded and oppressed society, not because it is the will of Heaven that they should afflict the world—but because the Great Supreme needs them as means by which He can secure a greater amount of good to His creatures than would otherwise be within their reach, but because men have rebelled against His will, and have entailed on themselves the punishment which always follows a departure from or trampling on His laws. It is a very poor philosophy, indeed, which teaches that evils are the results of man's perverted nature, and it is the business of man to remove and utterly to extirpate all that former wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness have introduced. The Message, therefore, properly reflects the civil and the religious phases of the American character. It is a true exponent of the national mind. As such we value it and commend it to all our foreign friends as a fair picture, 'in little,' of the mental complexion of this great people. Happy, indeed, is it for the bulk of our countrymen that Deadmon's way of seeing Othello is in no danger of being reversed in their case. If we should see the mind of the American people in their visages, what nation of blackamoors we should be! How would the broad sables of our Churches be desecrated! How would the lists of voters be diminished! But, happily,

—we have not to fear such hard and arbitrary means here! Armed in the proof of our white faces we can go on 'larruping our niggers,' and cutting our neighbor's throats, until we shall have annexed all Creation, and made the whole earth a nest for 'our Country's bird' and its rotten egg! We must say that we think Mr. Polk has done himself and his constituents credit by the portraiture he has here given of them.—q

The Court Martial.

It was said the trial of Lt. Col. Fremont would prove interesting to military men. It is likely to be deeply interesting to the nation; for through it we are having developed the purposes of our Government as regards Mexico. The National Intelligencer says:

Enough is already disclosed to show that this trial is to take a vastly wider range than merely to the military deserts of Col. Fremont. The motives, objects, and conduct of the Mexican war itself can hardly fail to come under review of the public at least, though not of the Court Martial, which will doubtless limit its own investigation to its proper sphere of action.

How to the official indeed, shut his eyes to the official indications of the purpose of the Administration, in the earliest stages of this war, to make itself master of the territories of Mexico, with a view to permanent occu-

panation of them, as made apparent by the following passages, read in the course of yesterday from documents which have never been seen by one in ten thousand eyes of the reading citizens of the United States!?

Extract of a Letter from Secretary Bancroft to Commodore Slout, dated July 12, 1847.

The object of the United States is, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself entirely of Upper California.

When San Francisco and Monterey are secured, you will, if possible, send a small vessel of war to take and hold possession of the port of San Diego; and it would be well to ascertain the views of the people of Pueblo de los Angeles, who, according to information received, have been invited to

reside in coming under the jurisdiction of the United States. If you can take possession of it, you should do so.

The object of the United States has reference to ultimate peace

COMMUNICATIONS.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.

TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE BUGLE.

Possibly to some of our friends in Ohio, a little sketch of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, from a spectator, might not be wholly uninteresting.

This was held last week, as usual, on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th days of the week before Christmas.

What a contrast is this Fair of '17 to those of a few years since, when the female Abolitionists of Philadelphia first attempted to employ this means of raising funds for the cause. The very first effort was, I think, of one or two tables furnished with useful and fancy articles, in the room where a convention was being held. Then on another occasion there were glass cases of goods exposed in a similar manner. Now, the largest saloon of the Assembly Buildings in Chestnut street is not more than sufficient for the reception and display of the offerings that are annually laid by warm hearts and willing hands, upon this, no unimportant shrift of Liberty.

As this room is considered one of the most beautiful in that city of neatness and taste, and as it is so admirably adapted to the purposes of the Fair, it may not be amiss to describe it—if, indeed, you are not already familiar with it through other means.

I do not know its size, but 'tis very large and of graceful proportions—much longer than wide—square columns, in fine imitation of Italian marble, stand out from its walls, yet connected with them, and seem to support with their Corinthian capitals the lofty ceiling. The large windows with their crimson curtains cast a rosy light which is reflected from mirrors upon the opposite wall, which open to the spectator another saloon of equal brilliance, other groups equally gay. Yet far more splendid than by day-light is it when the gas-lighted chandeliers shed through their thousands of prisms an enchanted glow—such a light as lovely maid look loveliest in—eye, and that makes all else that is lovely look doubly so. At the upper end of the room is an elevated orchestra, tastefully ornamented.

The decoration, by the fair hands of the Fair friends, lacked nothing of the elegance and neatness that characterized it a year ago—and some may have heard that described. 'Twas very like it in style. The light Gothic arches of evergreen, with their festoons of the same, mounted the tables. Appropriate mottoes, wreathed with green, still graced the walls, speaking eloquent truths to all who entered. The piano of the 'Liberty Bell' above the orchestra still commanded, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

But all this is not the Fair. Well, do you know just what a Fair we had a year ago? This has not been quite equal to that in the interest of the occasion, and the richness and variety of the articles furnished. For this there are many causes, among which we have no reason to rank a falling off in interest of its friends. Such we are assured has not been. But we had not with us now as then, the New England warblers with their sweet pure voices, and pure souls, to cheer us with hope for "the good time coming," and to inspire us with faith to "wait a little longer." Hence, our saloon was not so thronged as then. We lacked the aid of our friends over the waters, who supplied us then with so much that was rich and beautiful.

They, alas, have had other sufferings to realize, than those in our land—sufferings, which, though they have not absorbed all their sympathies, have drawn so largely upon their means of giving, that none was left for our poor. Yet we had a goodly supply of the useful and the elegant there. There were, for strict utilitarians, hose, handkerchiefs, caps, burlap, socks, sewing cotton, &c. (The authorized agents for the sale, in this country, of Dorcas spool cotton, a new manufacture, and of very superior kind, presented the Fair with one hundred dozens of it.) And for the lovers of the beautiful were all manner of interesting things. Work-baskets neatly lined with satin—the thousand and one varieties of bags and cushions—pic-
tures and fancy boxes. There were infants' needles, knitted of zephyr, very handsome and comfortable too—scarfs and lamp mats of the same, in every conceivable style. A new supply of the Anti-Slavery Alphabet, which last year so pleased those who would fill into the young mind with its first lessons in books, interest in the cause of the slave, was there. There were two copies of a Daguerreotype picture representing in a group the female members of the executive committee of the State Society. Among the most interesting little things that were there was a quantity of Ocean mosses, put up by George B. Burleigh. They were neatly glued, or fastened to cards of white board, and so extremely delicate that the hand passing over the face of the card could scarcely feel it—yet whilst they were laid as graceful as, and apparently as naturally as in their home in the waters. Those who know nothing of the vegetable treasures of the deep, and form but little idea of their beauty and delicacy. The coloring was rich, and in many specimens even gay—of course to trif-

cial or foreign dies had been employed upon them.

The lovers of "patch-work" would have been pleased with a counterpart that was there, the work of an elderly woman of color in the city. It was of hexagon figures, each of which would scarcely measure over an inch in diameter. The material was rich silk, of beautiful dyes.

Your little friends, had they been there, would have found in the variety of dolls, of china tea sets, of dimensions suited to homeopathic faith, &c., a numerous variety of other pretty things, that their dear little masters had not been forgotten.

In all, "The beautiful, the priestess to the benevolent," seemed to have lived in the minds of the designers.

Under the Orchestra stood the refreshment table, where the disciples of Graham might find unleavened brown bread, and green corn boiled, uncooked fruits and cold water; while those of more liberal habits might have their energies replenished with ice-cream, tea, coffee, chocolate, oysters, lobsters, and any reasonable variety of rich cakes and confectionary, preserves and pickles.

Warm dinner was furnished every day, in an adjoining room. This was quite a convenience, as the convention was held in a part of the same building, and the weather was sometimes inclement. What the profits of the Fair were I have not yet heard, but would presume that they had not been trifling. And the Convention—it was heart-cheering. Not for a long, long while have I seen such perfect harmony in a large Anti-Slavery gathering. I would that you had been there—I am sure that you would have been as we were, better and happier for it.

The harmony was so marked as to draw an expression of satisfaction, of joy, from one whose habit it is to note with a jealous ear

every deviation from union in the tones of our anti-slavery organ. All remarked it—yet 'twas not the harmony of inertness, for there was evidence of lofty principle, and earnest faith, and persevering effort. Wm. H. Channing was there, and his spiritual eye, and warm though gentle eloquence, his heart of love, and voice of truth could not fail to shed their influence over those who come to hear and see. Those Eastern Stars, whom we now claim as our own, C. C. and C. M. Burleigh were there. Not was the sweet noble voice of Lucretia Mott wanting. Among the interesting and edifying things that were said, our influence upon the cause of Freedom, through our regard for and treatment of the free people of color amongst us, was largely dwelt upon. The truly practical nature of our means—moral mission—was also treated fully and clearly. The Convention occupied 5th and 6th days; and on 7th day a Peace Meeting was held in the room where the other met. The transition produced no discord. 'Twas only harmony perfect.

It ought to be noticed that in the most pro-slavery places where we have been we have met with no determined opposition. In the strong hold of Wesleyanism, Orange, Whither are we tending? Yours for humanity and against sect. H. W. CURTIS.

MECCA, Dec. 15, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS.—

Permit to occupy a little space in saying a few things on the expression; "Our country right or wrong." Yes, my country right or wrong! My God-given inheritance—the land of my birth and my home. Disunionist as I am, I have not abandoned it. I do not love it the less because I love all the rest of the world as I love my country. I am not a Jew to hate my enemy for the sake of loving my neighbor. I will not renounce my country in her extreme perils and her lowest degradation; but I do renounce the *American government*, that has polluted and degraded her. Allegiance I owe to my country, as a duty to Him who created and sustains it; but never to that human institution that cannot be obeyed without violating the laws of God, forbidding slavery and war.

Our country is wrong and she must be reclaimed. The foul stain of slavery and blood is upon her, which nothing short of repentance can wash out. This repentance implies a change of purpose, a change of national character brought about by *moral power* through the agency of reformers—peace-men and anti-slavery men. The *water-spit must be laid*—the nation must be abolished. The nation is composed of individuals. Individual influences form the national character. Then let the moral influences of the reformers of the rising age, elevate the standard and give to the public sentiment, and they will eradicate all those social evils which now, like a cancer, prey upon the heart of our beloved country. Slavery will be abolished as soon as the moral sentiment of the nation will permit or require it. The true reformer cannot do that in an associate which he would not do in an individual capacity, without neutralizing his influences. Moral principle knows no compromise. The reformer must be ultra, have moral courage, and be ahead of society and stand fully exposed to the scorn and reproach of his opponents.

We had not been long with him before he assured us that he was convinced we were in the right—that he could not vote and that he should leave the church. There was a mutual agreement between us, also, that I should write to the Corresponding Secretary for the purpose of paving the way to his taking the field as an Agent of our Society, in case his services should be needed. Thus another stood when we left him. Of course we were very much encouraged. The fact that we had convinced a man so high in the confidence of his church, and of, apparently, as well deserved reputation for honesty and intelligence, was very cheering. I waited with great interest this time, when I should hear of his public withdrawal from the

church, and the consequent "panic" which would seize sectarians.

But in this I was doomed to disappointment; though the consistency and honesty of Mr. McBride, one would suppose, was pledged to the contrary. He, however, may think otherwise; and he should be left by me to the undisturbed enjoyment of that conviction were it not for the bigoted and very priestly course he has since pursued. Indeed I will leave this matter of consistency and honesty to the opinions of the public.

I wish to call attention to the apology of

Mr. McBride for turning his back upon your Agents. And what is it? Why, he heard

Mr. Walker, in an address to some young men at Leesburgh, advance very heretical

—infidel even—sentiments. Also he heard a man say he had heard of Mr. Walker's introducing other than anti-slavery sentiments

at our meeting in Alexandria. This is the

accusation on account of which, so far as

McB. can do it, the ears of the people are to be

closed against the voice of the accredited

Agents of the Anti-Slavery Society of the

West. *Look at it!* The meeting at Leesburgh was not anti-slavery, nor did it pro-

ceed to be. Of course the speaker was at

liberty to say what he pleased off of the

anti-slavery platform. Under the circumstan-

ces Mr. Walker was responsible only to him-

self. Nor did he violate any obligations

as an anti-slavery agent; for the Society is

not the tyrannical organization it would be

if it did, prohibit its agents from expressing

their views on other than anti-slavery sub-

jects. To stand alone, glutting at it!

Yet so it is public sentiment that if an

agent expresses himself not in accordance

with the popular voice, the Society is imme-

diately heralded over the land as unworthy

of public confidence. Why? Because its

agents are not orthodox in faith. As though

it were the keeper of its agents' consciences.

Nothing can be more contemptible vise and

mean. Wicked, however, as this is, Mr.

McB., from whom humanity had reason to

hope so much, lends himself to it. Such

conduct I will refuse to name, lest I should

be severe.

But this is not the only way the prejudice

of community is excited. Falsehood must

be manufactured out of whole cloth—no

cloth even. As in the Alexandria affair,

hearsay must be made the ground of opposi-

tion. I pronounce the whole report a wicked

fabrication. Nothing can be more untrust-

worthy than to charge friend Walker with dragging

extraneous topics upon the anti-slavery plat-

form. If he has done so it has not been in

my hearing.

The pitiful mean position in which Mr.

McB. has placed himself shows the effect,

it seems to me, of preferring sect to principle

and humanity.

It ought to be noticed that in the most

pro-slavery places where we have been we

have met with no determined opposition

in the strong hold of Wesleyanism, Orange,

Whither are we tending?

Yours for humanity and against sect.

H. W. CURTIS.

CHESAPEAKE CO., Dec. 23, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS.—

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reproach of his opponents.

We had not been long with him before he

assured us that he was convinced we were

in the right—that he could not vote and that

General Items.

The celebrated Philanthropist, Howard, recommended the following method of "driving dull care away."

"Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and minister to them. See but the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart."

In the vast prairies of Texas, a little plant is always found, which in all circumstances of climate and changes of weather, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the North. In this little monitor, when all other means fail, the traveller finds an evergreen guide to direct his steps across those trackless wilds.

There are now, says an English paper, in the new House of Commons fifty-four electors of peers, seven heirs presumptive, thirty-five younger sons, nineteen grandsons, forty-five brothers, and altogether 265 persons connected with the peerage.

Sixty-two Lives Lost.—The Packet ship Stephen Whitney, on her voyage from New York to Liverpool, ran upon a rock near Cape Clear on the South coast of Ireland, and was dashed to pieces. Only 18 of 110 passengers were saved.

Chancellor Kent died in New York on the 11th ult. It is said that the United States have had but two men of so high reputation as jurists—they were John Marshall and Joseph Story.

Cook.—A fellow who was brought before the London Police Courts, for assaulting and almost killing a woman, excused himself by saying that he thought it was his wife's fault.

The number of convicts in the New York State Prison, Dec. 1843, was 865; nearly one half of which were foreigners. In the New York City Penitentiary on Blackwall's Island, there were on the 6th of January, 1845, 1129 convicts, of whom 866 were foreigners. Of the inmates of the City Prison at the same date, about seven eighths were foreigners. Of 3090 persons arrested and brought before the New York City Justices during the year ending March 14, 1846, about 2000 were foreigners.

The "Prisoner's Friend" is of opinion that large numbers of criminals and plunders are annually freighted here by the Government of Europe, a land of crime.

It appears from the report of the Post Master General that the revenue of the department for the year ending in June last, amounted to \$3,915,893, exceeding those of the preceding year by the sum of \$455,694, being an increase of more than 13 per cent.

The revenue is now about sufficient to meet the expenses of the department. The cheap postage system pays! Many feared it would not answer, and opposed it, Cave Johnson among the rest. Doubtless the rates of postage can still further be reduced with advantage, both to the Department and the people. We hope the experiment will be tried.

JOSEPH STANTON, President of the New York City Penitentiary.—He has just issued a circular to the public, announcing the following:

Sad Catastrophe!—At the "Excelsior" Phalanx, forty miles above Cincinnati on the Ohio river, seventeen persons were crushed to death on the 20th ult. by the falling of a house. The house a large brick building stood upon the bank of the river, and the foundation was torn away by the flood. There were thirty two persons in the house at the time of the catastrophe. We have learned the names of but few of the killed. Moses Cornell and all his family—a wife and four children—were among the unfortunate number.

John O., and Esther Wattles, known probably to most of our readers, were in the building but escaped with but little injury.

All accounts speak of the killed as persons of the highest moral worth, devoting all their energies to the cause of human happiness and progression. Such spirits the world can ill afford to lose.

From Mexico.—But little of importance has been received of late from Mexico.

The New Orleans Picayune of Dec. 13, states that the rumor of Santa Anna's being at the head of 18,000 men, and threatening the Mexican Congress &c., turns out to be without foundation. Santa Anna has few followers.

Gen. Anaya was elected President on the 11th of December, and has appointed Pena y Pena, the late President, his secretary of State. The new President is said to be in favor of peace.

It is reported that Gen. Worth, Gen. Pillow, and Lieut. Duncan have been arrested by Gen. Scott for contempts. The story is that certain letters written by them censuring Scott have fallen into his hands.

No Paper last Week.—Circumstances beyond our control prevented our getting out a paper last week. We were unable to obtain printing paper. A few days ago, however, we received a supply from the East, (which we had been expecting for several weeks) and we hope to be able to issue the paper regularly in future.

State Legislature.

The Petitions presented by Mr. Lewis in the Senate asking for a repeal of the Black Laws, and a dissolution of the Union gave rise to a somewhat excited discussion. Mr. Backus of Cuyahoga county in discussing the disunion Petition said:

"The time might come when asking for a dissolution of the Union might be a laudable object. The Union was made different by the accession of Florida and after by the annexation of Texas, which last was done by the President who now announced that California and New Mexico are wanted. To grant the prayer of the Petitions, said Mr. B., might be treason to the Government as it now exists, but not treason against the constitution as originally formed."

The petition was received by a vote of 17 to 17.

The House, we are informed, passed resolutions condemning slavery and opposing the annexation of more territory to the United States. A copy of the resolutions has not yet reached us.

To Correspondents.

J. B. of D. The \$1 referred to is placed to his credit, and pays to No. 97. The paper will be sent to his brother as directed.

E. F. C. His communication is received and shall receive attention.

H. N. T. Next week.

E. C. of W. Her article shall appear in our next.

S. C. Thanks for her timely and interesting communication.

Salem, Dec. 25, 1847.

In accordance with a previous call, a meeting of those friendly to the alphabetical reform, and to the formation of a phonographic society, convened in Liberty Hall. The meeting was called to order by appointing Joseph Smith President and Joseph Stanton Secretary.

A Constitution was produced and adopted, and a committee was on motion appointed to the town to make a nomination for officers of the society. The committee so appointed reported the following persons, which report was adopted.

President, Benjamin Stanton.

Secretary, Joseph Smith.

Treasurer, Sally B. Gove.

On motion, it was agreed that the Constitution should be written and signed in phonetic characters, and that a phonographic record of the proceedings of the society should be kept by the secretary.

On motion, the secretary was directed to offer an extract of the proceedings of this meeting, for publication in the Anti-Slavery Bugle, and Homestead Journal.

On motion, the society adjourned to meet on the 31 Saturday of January, 1848.

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POETRY.

From the *National Era*.

Songs of Labor.

THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumn rain had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again; The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay With the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning the sun rose broad and red, At first a rayless disk of fire, it brightened as it sped;

Yet, even its noon tide glory fell chastened and subdued On the corn-fields and the orchards and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night, It wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;

Slanting through the painted beeches, it glorified the hill;

And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shooting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,

Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughing knew not why;

And school-girls, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brook,

Mingled the glow of autumn with the sun-shine of sweet looks.

From spire and bough looked westerly the pale weather-cocks,

But, even the birches on the hills stood motionless as rocks;

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,

And the yellow leaves among the boughs, now rustling as they fell.

The summer grains are harvested; the stubble fields lay dry,

Where June winds rolled in light and shade

The pale-green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through the hushes that dry and were unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ears;

Beneath the turpiny lay concealed in many a verdant fold,

And glistened in the shining light the pumpkins of gold.

There wrought the busy harvester, and many a breaking wain

Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;

Till, as he rose that morn, sank down amidst the sun,

Edging the day of dreary light and warmth as it began.

And low through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,

Planted the red radiance of a sky, set all afire,

Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,

And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled in the sun,

Edging the day of dreary light and warmth as it began.

As thus into the quiet night the sunset lapsed away,

And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay.

From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name,

Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-

The scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,

And laughing eyes and bushyheads and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,

Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;

While, up and down the unhusked pile, or

As hide and seek with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden

Young and fair,

Luring to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,

To the quaint tune of some old psalm a hush-
ing bell babbled song.

As the sun set, the day was over,

High high the farmer's winter hoard!

High high the golden corn!

No other gift has Autumn pour'd

From out her lavish horn!

Let other hands, exulting, glean

The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,

The cluster from the vine,

We better love the hardy gift

Our rugged vales bestow,

To cheer us when the snow shall drift

Our harvest fields with snow.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain

Beneath the sun of May,

And brightened from our sowing grain

The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June

Its leaves grow green and fair,

And wave in hot midsummer's moon

Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eyes

It hath time has come,

We pluck away the frosty leaves,

And babbles in the frosty bone.

There, richer than the fabled gift

Of golden showers of old,

Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,

And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loll in silk

Around their costly board,

Give us the bowl of sump and milk

By home-spun beauty pour'd.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth

Sends up its smoky curl,

Who will not thank the kindly earth,

And bless our corn-fed girls?

Let earth with her goodly root,

Let mildew blight the rye,

Give to the worms the orchard's fruit,

The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn

The hills our fathers trod;

Still let us for His golden corn

Send up our thanks to God!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Union Magazine*.

The Bewildered Savage.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The origin of the Caffers is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity; but their persons, manners, and customs, indicate a higher source of civilization than the other tribes of Africa. Before they were harried and driven by the white men that infest their shores, they were a pastoral people, brave and manly, but rarely goaded to deeds of violence. Their features are European, their color a clear, dark-brown; their forms athletic and graceful, and their manners frank and cheerful.

Christianity has been a form of sectarianism, not differing from its minor subdivisions essentially in spirit, though necessarily some what more enlarged in its boundaries. Hence all nations who do not know the Divine Principle of the Universe by the name of God, have been branded as heathens and infidels.

Mahometans have manifested the same spirit of limitation; and because the tribes of Eastern Africa worshipped the Creator under the name of Udal, instead of Allah, the Moors called them kafirs, which is the Arabic word for infidels. Hence their country came to be known to the civilized world by the name of Caferland, or Caffaria. But doubtless the angels judge quite differently of these masters. They are attracted toward the religious sentiment, without caring for its name. The sigh, and the tear, and the simple reverential thought, often rise up to them as prayer from the moon-lighted desert, while the heavy atmosphere of earth presses down, out of their hearing, pulsations, and many an unwinged response from gilded prayer-books. In every form of society, Nature has her priests, her prophets, and her poets too, though they pass away by thousands unrecorded, for want of utterance through literature and the Arts.

Among the poetic temperaments of Caferland, was Marossi, a dainty, contemplative child, an earnest observer of the earth and the heavens. "Mother, who made the stars?" was one of his earnest questions; and when told that Udal created them, he imagined the winds were his voice, and the sun his clothing. The deep, quiet, little soul, was overflowing with affection. It seemed an absolute necessity of his existence, to bear something he could love. He must nestle with his pet antelope under the shade of the mimosa tree, or fall asleep with his little hand within that of his mother. He was the youngest of her children, the most beautiful in form, the gentlest in spirit; and something of reverence mingled with her love for him, while she listened to his thoughtful questions.

When he was about eight years old, a Moravian missionary, who happened to be travelling that way, visited their cabin, and talked to them of the Christians' God, under the name of Utiko, which is an African word signifying The Beautiful. His discourse, imperfectly expressed in Cafer dialect, was still more imperfectly understood by the untaught boy; but still it made a deep impression on him. The missionary told them that Utiko was all Love; that his love descended in dew to refresh the flowers, and in sunshine to warm the earth, and into the soul of man, filling it with peace and good-will. Marossi never forgot this description of the Christian's God. In the radiant beauty of sunset, in the mild glory of moonlight, in his mother's smile, in the lambent eyes of his antelope, he felt the presence of Utiko. It seemed strange to him that his father hated the Christians, and spoke scornfully of their sacred books.

When he told of whole tribes killed by them, or carried off into slavery, the boy asked his mother, with sad astonishment, whether these people also believed in Utiko, who filled the souls of men with peace and good-will; and when she told him yes, his little brain was bewildered.

The second hamlet in which he was born was in a deep valley, girded round by almost impassable mountains, which the foot of the white man had never trod, within his recollection. But a few weeks after the visit of the good missionary, the family were wakened at midnight by fearful shrieks and howls.

For an instant, they supposed that lions or hyenas were among their flock; but the crash of fire-arms soon announced a human foe. In vain the poor Cafer strove to defend their wives and children. Their humble abodes were all ablaze, their fields of maize and millet snatched down, and all who were not slaughtered, were bound hand and foot and dragged toward the sea-coast.

The Cafer children did not understand their brutal words, but they were frightened by their looks, and clung closer to their suffering mothers. On their route, they passed

ed the cabin of a Dutch boor, to whom the slave-traders called aloud, and asked if he wanted to buy a brat. After a brief parley, they sold Marossi to him for an old jacket. Terrible were the shrieks of mothers and child, when they were torn asunder. With frantic energy the poor widowed one tossed her arms in the air, and called her youngest and best beloved, who vainly struggled in the strong arms of the boor. The desolate child heard the loud snap of the whip, as they drove her away, and the sound cut deep into his tortured soul. That night, as he lay weeping on the mud floor of the Dutch cabin, he thought over the beautiful words of the Moravian Missionary, and he could not understand how it was, that these men believed in the same God.

Two wretched years he lived in the Dutchman's service, beaten by him, and kicked by his sons, whenever they drank too much peach-brandy, or met with any accident that ruffled their tempers. Every seventh day they restrained from work, and sometimes a man came among them who read from a big book, and talked and prayed. But Marossi herded with the pigs and the dogs, and no notice was taken of him. Once he had ears soundly boxed for making the dogs bark on a Sunday, but this was all the religion he was ever taught; and certainly the fact that dogs might bark every other day in the week, but that Utiko did not like to have them bark on the seventh day, was not remarkably well calculated to enlighten his benighted soul. And the heart of the orphan was starving, even more than his mind. He had not had the tones of kindness since his mother was torn away from him. His only comfort was an antelope he had tamed, whose mild eyes reminded him of the playmate of his early childhood. But the boor's son took a fancy to the animal's beautiful skin, and swore he would have it for a jacket. When Marossi claimed the antelope for his own, and refused to part with it, the old Dutchman gave him a flogging for his impudence. Under such influences, clouds of stupidity of course gathered fast over the originally bright young soul; but the strong affections, which were now all centered on one small animal, could not easily be stifled. He inwardly vowed that he would suffer anything, death itself, rather than see his favorite companion cut up to make the young boor's jacket. So he rose stealthily at midnight, and ran away with his beautiful antelope. It was a fearful undertaking for a boy of ten years to go forth alone into the wilderness, where hyenas laughed in the darkness, and lions made their lair. But he was less afraid of lions and hyenas, than of those Christian men, who whipped him for claiming his own, as they had been whipped for raising a voice while the preacher talked of Utiko, who had sent a great prophet to him.

The morning light showed stupendous mountain ridges, the sides of which he eagerly climbed, to avoid pursuers. The antelope was used to such rugged passes, and sprang lightly from rock to rock, sometimes apparently lost, but always returning to her master's whistle. From the cliffs above, the eagles swoop'd round him with wild screams, and in the ravines below, baboons pelted him as he passed. The sharp rocks cut his weary feet, but he was afraid to stop long, and ever and anon through streams of water, lest the bonds of the *Dioscuri* should get on his track. About noon, he came along a billowy chaos of huge precipices, frightful in their fantastic grandeur, and shrouded in dark mists. The sun was less afraid of lions and hyenas, than of those Christian men, who whipped him for claiming his own, as they had been whipped for raising a voice while the preacher talked of Utiko, who had sent a great prophet to him.

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